Funeral in My Heart

Gill Landry

There's a funeral in my heart
and everyone is dressed in black
with Chrysanthemums and voodoo dolls
trying to bring you backAs the lonesome hearse rolls slowly
to the graveyard of my mind
Other than that I'm feeling fineYonder stands old romance tombside
talking to himself
With a family of memories
that are holding to your wealth
Regretters by your coffin
Can't do anything but cry
And mumble 'bout the by and byOh the bloodless face of used to be
Is looking cold and grim
As the pallbearers and my true love
sing a solemn hymn
There's a funeral in my heart
but the respects I wish to pay
cannot be heard beyond
the cold ground of your graveSo I throw the dirt over
once I cover you in life
Why do all the good things have to die
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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